

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V

by William Shakespeare



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•Editor's General Note

The Text. The editor has kept before him the aim of presenting to the modern reader the nearest possible approximation to what Shakespeare actually wrote. The text is therefore conservative, and is based on the earliest reliable printed text. But to avoid distraction (*a*) the spelling is modernised, and (*b*) a limited number of universally accepted emendations is admitted without comment. Where a Quarto text exists as well as the First Folio the passages which occur only in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets [] and those which occur only in the Folio in brace brackets { }.

Scene Division. The rapid continuity of the Elizabethan curtainless production is lost by the 'traditional' scene divisions. Where there is an essential difference of place these scene divisions are retained. Where on the other hand the change of place is insignificant the scene division is indicated only by a space on the page. For ease of reference, however, the 'traditional' division is retained at the head of the page and in line numbering.

Notes. Passages on which there are notes are indicated by a † in the margin.

Punctuation adheres more closely than has been usual to the 'Elizabethan' punctuation of the early texts. It is often therefore more indicative of the way in which the lines were to be delivered than of their syntactical construction.

Glossaries are arranged on a somewhat novel principle, not alphabetically, but in the order in which the words or phrases occur. The editor is much indebted to Mr J. N. Bryson for his collaboration in the preparation of the glossaries.

Preface

The Text. The first record that we have of the play is the famous 'staying order' in the Stationers' Registers of 4th August 1600, in which this play appears, along with *As You Like It*, *Every Man in His Humour*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, as 'to be staied'. But the only one of the four that was in fact stayed was *As You Like It*. *Every Man in His Humour* and *Much Ado about Nothing* appeared in print in creditable form by the end of 1601, and *Henry V*, in very imperfect form, in 1600. It looks indeed, from an entry of ten days later than the staying order, which transferred it to Thomas Pavyer as something 'formerlye printed,' as though its publication must have preceded the staying order. At any rate some time in 1600 a Quarto appeared, with the following title-page: THE / CRONICLE / History of Henry the fift, / With his battell fought at Agin Court in / France. Together with *Auntient* / Pistoll. / *As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable* / the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. / LONDON / Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Milling- / ton, and Iohn Busby And are to be / sold at his house in Carter Lane, next / the Powle head. 1600. The problem of the relations of this Quarto text to that of the First Folio has been canvassed with much vigour and some heat. The one view, formerly a good deal more popular than it is now, is that Q represents a 'first sketch' of the play, which was later worked up into the version represented by F. The other view is that Q represents a version of the play produced by 'cutting' the full (F) text for acting purposes. The evidence so ably marshalled by P. A. Daniel in the introduction to the parallel texts published by the New Shakespeare Society in 1877 seems to me to prove incon-

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trovertibly that the second view is the true one. For a full examination of details the reader must be referred to that introduction, but one instance may be given here which even in isolation puts the matter almost beyond dispute. The scene in Q which corresponds to III. vii. of F, though much shorter, and not so full of wishes for morning as that of F, still contains two specific remarks which imply that it is still night. But it concludes with the last line and a half of F's IV. ii. (the remaining sixty lines of which it omits altogether) which are quite inconsistent :

*Come, come away :
The sun is high, and we wear out the day.*

This can surely be nothing but the result of the cutter running two of the 'French Lords scenes' into one, and doing it very unskilfully.

The cutting was very drastic. All the choruses and the epilogue disappear, so do I. 1., III. 1, and IV. ii. (except for the incongruous tag mentioned above); many of the long verse speeches are curtailed, and most of the prose scenes are to a greater or less extent compressed (the French Lords suffering particularly heavily, and Macmorris and Jamy not being represented at all). In the upshot Q is less than half the length of F, and, partly by cutting and partly by redistribution of speeches, it dispenses with some ten characters, thus saving, even if one allows for free 'doubling,' at least four actors.

So far the situation seems clear enough. Q represents a version of the play after it had been cut for presentation, perhaps on a particular occasion, or by a particular and reduced company of actors, whereas F represents the play in its full, and in the main ¹

¹ I put it in this way, because it is not at all impossible that a few passages (e.g. the Macmorris-Jamy passage) may have been later additions

in its original, form. But it is usually stated as an integral part of this view of the relations of the two texts, that Q does not so much represent a cut version but badly misrepresent a cut version; *i.e.* that it is a 'bad' quarto in the sense that the first Quartos of *Hamlet* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* are 'bad' quartos. And this position seems to me much less secure, to have, indeed, almost no relation to the observable facts. One can, I think, say quite definitely that, whatever caused the difference, the peculiarities presented by Q 1 of this play are not those presented by the first quartos of the other two. The methods by which the copy for a pirated edition of a play was secured are a matter of dispute, but there is a rough agreement that some process of either stenography or memorisation in the theatre was supplemented by the contributions of some actor. In *Hamlet* the unhappy agent in the theatre was hopelessly incompetent, and as a result, apart from the contributions of the actor who doubled Marcellus and Voltemand, much of the play is desperately garbled; in *The Merry Wives* the 'reporter' was rather better, and the actor who played the host, having a larger part, was a much more useful aid; but even so the degree of approximation to the Folio text varies very greatly in different portions of the play. But this is much less true of *Henry V*. The point is a somewhat difficult one to argue, since nowhere is it clearer than in the discussion of this play that by selecting one's evidence with care one may make a creditable attempt to prove anything, but the facts appear to me to be these. The prose scenes are uniformly further from the Folio than the verse scenes. Apart from cuts they exhibit a good deal of compression, and very frequently considerable change in the order of particular phrases. Pistol, as one would rather expect from the title-page, is moderately complete, and so is Gower. Fluellen is

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adequate, though somewhat shortened. These scenes, taken in isolation, might well be taken to support the 'first sketch' view. The verse scenes, on the other hand, are, apart again from omissions, as a rule very close to the Folio. To take two instances. First a comparatively brief scene, III. iii. In F this has 58 lines, in Q 19 (only 18 as printed, owing to mislineation). For the first 10 lines Q follows F with the following variants: *parley we'll* for *parle we will* (l. 2), *we* for *I* (l. 8), *be* for *lie* (l. 9), and the unmetrical *are* for *shall be* (l. 10). Q then cuts wholesale the long drawn rhetoric of ll. 11-41 and comes at once to business with the conclusion of Henry's speech, given identically as in F, and with the Governor's reply, which has the following divergences: *succour* for *succours* (l. 45), *word* for *that* (l. 46), *dread* for *great* (l. 47), *defensive now* for *defensible*. Q then omits altogether the last 8 lines of the scene in F. Secondly, a longer scene, II. ii. F has 193 lines, Q 112. Q dispenses with one actor altogether (Westmoreland) and replaces Bedford by Gloucester. Q's first line is hypermetric, the second is identical. Q then omits 5 lines, and in the next 4 (given to a different speaker) reads *Ay* for *Nay*, *cloyed and graced with princely* for *dull'd and cloy'd with gracious*, and misprints *to* for *so*. It then inserts the comment, absent in F, *O the Lord of Masham*. Henry's opening speech is identical in the two texts apart from two unimportant verbal differences, and the omission by Q of the unmetrical *kind*, but ll. 16-18 of F are summarised in Q in one straightforward and metrical line. Scroop's rejoinder is identical. Q then omits the whole of Henry's next 5 lines (20-24), the last two and a half lines of the next speech (Cambridge's), and the last one and a half of Grey's, though it completes the imperfect line of the latter. In the next 46 lines (down to l. 78) there are the following differences: Q reads *band* for *bands* (33), omits *quittance*

of and reads *reward* for *desert* and *cause* for *weight* (34, 35), *shine* for *toil* and *service* for *services* (36, 37), omits *We judge no less* (39), reads *the heat* for *excess* (42), and makes perhaps better sense but certainly worse metre of 45, 46, omits the metrically necessary *yet* (48) and the unnecessary *Sir* (49), reads *his* for *much* (51), transposes *love* and *care* in 52, reads *and the rest* for *Scroop and Grey* and *loves* for *care* (58), reads *state* for *person* (59) and omits *And* (60), reads *me* for *I* (62, 65), *sovereign* for *liege* (64), *Lord* for *royal sovereign* (65); there are minor differences in the address to the lords, *My lord of Westmoreland* disappears, two and a half lines (72-74) are cut, and so are the words *cowarded and* in 75.

The treatment of Henry's long speech (79-144) is interesting. The first five lines maintain the rhythm, but have verbal changes, on the whole for the worse, and one misprint (*quit* for *quick*). Then, after identity in two lines, comes a rather bald paraphrase of the next three. 89-99 are almost identical, the chief difference being *secrets of my heart* for *bottom of my soul*. The next two and a half lines are compressed, and the next two and a half have *doth show* for *stands off* (103) and *from* for *and* (rather for the better) in 104. There is then a complete cut to the middle of 142, when the speech is concluded with the identical two and a half lines of F. Exeter's arrest and Scroop's reply are identical, except for the omission of *Scroop* (148) and the reading of *majesty* for *highness* in 153. Cambridge and Grey are then omitted altogether. The first four lines of Henry's speech are identical, except that Q unmetrically adds *and fixed* after *proclaimed*; the next three lines are cut. From 173 to 181 Q reads *redress* for *revenge*, restores the metrically needed *have* in 176 which F omits, and in the same line reads *our* for *her*, reads *creatures* for *wretches* and *deeds amiss* for *dear offences*. In the last twelve lines of the scene Q cuts 184 and 187-91, reads *succes-*

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sively for *like glorious*, compresses 185 and gives the other four lines identically. I have gone into somewhat minute detail over this scene in an attempt to give a fair picture of the relation of the texts in the verse scenes. The kind of proportion here shown between identity, omission, correspondence with certain verbal differences, and more or less compressed or garbled paraphrase, is about maintained in the other main verse scenes of the play. In some the identity is more extensive, in some, notably the French Lords scenes, it is less. In the prose scenes there is a good deal of cutting, rather more paraphrase, and a great deal more of some often very odd change of order of phrases; but even here not very much bad paraphrase. The point which I am trying to make is that while it would be hard to find in this play any passage at once as long and as 'good' as the Marcellus-Voltemand portions of Q 1 of *Hamlet*, there is on the other hand infinitely less bad garbling and dislocation than one finds there, or in the worse parts of Q of *The Merry Wives*. One may summarise the point by saying that while the acting of Q 1 of *Hamlet* or even of *The Merry Wives* seems to be the idlest waste of time, Q 1 of *Henry V* could perfectly well be acted and would give the essence of the play, and much of the greatest verse of it. And if even with the thoroughly bad Q 1 of *Hamlet* one has to keep one's eye on it in preparing a text, *a fortiori*, it seems to me that one cannot afford to neglect Q 1 of this play. Even the most devoted adherents of the Folio have to admit the aid of the despised Quarto in at least five places, in II. i. 23 where F reads *tired name*, in II. iv. 107 where F reads *privy maidens*, in IV. i. 65 where F reads *fewer*, in IV. v. 12 where F omits *honour*, and in line 16 of the same scene where F reads *Whilst a base slave*. And if Q is to be taken as right here, merely because F is hopeless, it is not surely logical to dismiss the possibility that

Q is right in other places even where F is tolerable. I have therefore done two things with the text. In the first place I have indicated by brackets the operations of the cutter; but it will be clear from what has been said above that, since, though it is possible to indicate the cuts, it is not possible to indicate either the transpositions of order, or the compressions, or the verbal differences of Q, to read this text with the bracketed portions omitted is not to read Q, but a slightly expanded and somewhat regularised Q. In the second place I have admitted considerably more readings from Q than is usual; most, but not all, of these are indicated in the notes. I have to admit that this is a departure from the principles adhered to in the production of the texts of this edition. The text here presented is a conflation, and, what is worse, a conflation dependent to some extent on personal taste. But the Q text seems to me so far removed on the one hand from the kind of 'badness' which would render it negligible and on the other from the 'goodness' which would render it the basis for a text, that I am reluctantly driven to a compromise.

Date of Composition. The *terminus ad quem* is determinable with unusual accuracy, since there can be no reasonable doubt that the expected victorious return of Essex from his Irish expedition is alluded to in the chorus before Act V. And as Essex did not start till March 1599 and returned somewhat ignominiously in September, we can fix July or August as the latest possible date for the play. How much earlier we can put it depends upon whether we consider that this chorus might be a later topical insertion, and upon what importance we attach to Meres' silence in *Palladis Tamia*. We clearly cannot put it much earlier, since it follows 2 *Henry IV*.

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Sources. The play is founded upon, and draws liberally from, Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Any reader who is interested will find all the material clearly laid out for this, as for the other plays for which Shakespeare drew on Holinshed, in Mr Boswell-Stone's invaluable *Shakespeare's Holinshed*. Occasionally also, notably in the tennis-ball episode and in the wooing scene, Shakespeare clearly drew on the earlier play *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*.

Duration of Action. The historical time represented is six years, from 1414 to 1420. The dramatic time scheme is of no great importance. Daniel divides into nine days with intervals.

Criticism. Hazlitt writes with a characteristic anti-monarchic and anti-ecclesiastical bias :

"Henry V is a very favourite monarch with the English nation, and he appears to have been also a favourite with Shakespear, who labours hard to apologise for the actions of the king, by showing us the character of the man, as 'the king of good fellows.' He scarcely deserves this honour. He was fond of war and low company:—we know little else of him. He was careless, dissolute, and ambitious;—idle, or doing mischief. In private, he seemed to have no idea of the common decencies of life, which he subjected to a kind of regal licence, in public affairs, he seemed to have no idea of any rule of right or wrong, but brute force, glossed over with a little religious hypocrisy and archiepiscopal advice. His principles did not change with his situation and professions. His adventure at Gadshill was a prelude to the affair of Agincourt, only a bloodless one; Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage, compared with the pious and politic Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the King *carte blanche*, in a genealogical tree

of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to save the possessions of the Church at home.” And so on *ad lib.*

Hazlitt no doubt exaggerates, but in fact Henry V is not, except perhaps superficially, one of Shakespeare's more attractive characters. The play as a whole is a spirited and stirring piece of drum-beating and flag-waving, full of national pride and of rhetoric suitable for recitation. And its central figure is not, so far as one can judge, of a type which much interested Shakespeare. He is a thoroughly ‘successful’ man. He is undoubtedly gallant; he is a first-rate orator; he has an effective, and possibly genuine, bonhomie, which is in better taste with his soldiers than with the Princess of France. As a man he can be kindly; as a king and as a general he is merciless. He orders the killing of the prisoners and the execution of the traitors with as cool and careless an indifference as he broke Falstaff's heart. All three actions were prudent, perhaps inevitable. He was as hard and politic as his hard and politic father; but he understood better the uses of camouflage.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Fifth.*

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS,
JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy. A Herald.

CHARLES *the Sixth, King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHERINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly,
and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers,
and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

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{Prologue

Enter Chorus

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention :
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leash'd in like hounds) should famine, sword, and
fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits, that hath dared,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth 10
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million,
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,

KING HENRY V

On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high, upreared, and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history ,
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play. *Exit*}

Act First

{SCENE I

London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely

Arc My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd, †
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

Arc. It must be thought on : if it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession :
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church, 10
Would they strip from us ; being valued thus,
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supplied ;

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And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Arc. 'Twould drink the cup and all. 20

Ely But what prevention?

Arc. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely And a true lover of the holy church.

Arc. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,

But that his wildness, mortified in him,

Seem'd to die too, yea, at that very moment,

Consideration like an angel came,

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

Leaving his body as a paradise, 30

To envelope and contain celestial spirits

Never was such a sudden scholar made;

Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady currance scouring faults;

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness

So soon did lose his seat—and all at once—

As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Arc. Hear him but reason in divinity;

And all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the king were made a prelate : 40

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs ;
 You would say, it hath been all in all his study :
 List his discourse of war ; and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music.
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter : that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet, and honey'd sentences ,
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric :
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration,
 From open haunts and popularity.

50

†

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

60

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Arc. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord ;
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no ?

70

Arc. He seems indifferent ;
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us ;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

80

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

Arc. With good acceptance of his majesty ;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,

Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off? 90

Arc. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Arc. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. *Exeunt*}

SCENE II

The same. The Presence chamber

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick,
Westmoreland, and Attendants*

{*Hen.* Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

Hen. Send for him, good uncle.}

Wes. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely

Arc. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,

KING HENRY V

And make you long become it !

Hen.

Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

{And justly and religiously unfold}

10

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

Or should or should not bar us in our claim :

And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

{Or nicely charge your understanding soul,

With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth ;}

For God doth know, how many now in health

Shall drop their blood, in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

20

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake the sleeping sword of war :

We charge you in the name of God take heed ;

{For never two such kingdoms did contend

Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,

'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the
swords,

That makes such waste in brief mortality.}

Under this conjuration, speak, my lord ;

For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,

30

That what you speak is {in your conscience} wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.

Arc. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
{ 'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant : ' }
' No woman shall succeed in Salique land : '
Which Salique land, the French unjustly gloze 40
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elve ;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French ;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd there this law ; to wit, no female 50
Should be inheritrix in Salique land :
Which Salique (as I said) 'twixt Elve and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany, call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France ;

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Nor did the French possess the Salique land,
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
 {Who died within the year of our redemption 60
 Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Chluderic,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.}
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To line his title with some shows of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 {Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great : also King Lewis the tenth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80

That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,}
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine :
 {By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.}

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

†

To hold in right and title of the female :

So do the kings of France unto this day.

90

Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,
 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to unbar their crooked titles,
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

†

Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim ?

Arc. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,

When the son dies, let the inheritance

†

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,

100

Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,

{Look back into your mighty ancestors :}

Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb, †

From whom you claim ; {invoke his warlike spirit,}

And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.

110

O noble English, that could entertain,
 With half their forces, the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action !

{*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
 The blood and courage that renowned them
 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

120

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

Wes. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and
 might ;
 So hath your highness ; never king of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Arc. O let their bodies follow my dear liege, 130
 With bloods and sword and fire, to win your right,
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors. }

Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us,
 With all advantages.

Arc. They of those marches, gracious sovereign, 140
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Your England from the pilfering borderers.

Hen. We do not mean the coursing sneakers only,
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 { Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us , }
 For you shall read, never my great-grandfather †
 Unmask'd his power for France,
 But that the Scot, on his unfurnish'd kingdom,
 Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
 { With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns , }
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at the bruit hereof. †

KING HENRY V

Arc. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege ;
 For hear her but exempl'd by herself,
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a stray 160
 The King of Scots ; whom she did send to France,
 {To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,}
 And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck, and sumless treasures. †

Wes. But there 's a saying very old and true,
 ' If that you will France win,
 Then with Scotland first begin : '
 For once the eagle (England) being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel (Scot) 170
 {Comes sneaking, and so} sucks her {princely} eggs,
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 To spoil and havoc more than she can eat. †

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home,
 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
 Since we have {locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty} traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home ;

For government, though high, and low, and lower, 180
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent, †
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

Arc. [True :] Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 {Setting endeavour in continual motion ;}
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience : for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts, 190
 Where some like magistrates correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor ;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 {The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;}
 The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale

The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, †
 That many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously,
 As many arrows loosed several ways †
 Come to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ; 210
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy. 220

Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

Exeunt some Attendants

Now are we well resolv'd, and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. {Or there we 'll sit,
 (Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France and all her (almost) kingly dukedoms)

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them :}
 Either our history shall with full mouth 230
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph. †

Enter Ambassadors of France

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for we hear
 Your greeting is from him, {not from the king.}

Am May 't please your majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge ;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ? 240

Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons,
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Am. Thus then in few :
 Your highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the third.
 In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says {that you savour too much of your youth, 250

And bids you be advis'd } : there's noight in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your study, †
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,
His present, and your pains, we thank you for : 260
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard. †
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England,
And therefore, {living hence,} did give ourself 270
To barbarous license ; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin we will keep our state,
Be like a king, and show our sail of greatness,

When we do rouse us in our throne of France :
 For this have we laid by our majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working-days ;
 But we will rise there with so full a glory
 That we will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us, 280
 And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
 Ay some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom we do appeal, and in whose name 290
 Tell you the Dauphin, we are coming on,
 To venge us as we may, and to put forth
 Our rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace , and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors

Exe. This was a merry message.

They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries,
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10
Promised to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart ;
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural !
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out, 20
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns and three corrupted men :
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the guilt of Fiance (O guilt indeed !)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France,
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,

KING HENRY V

Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance ; force a play :
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The king is set from London, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton,
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back ; charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then, †
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. *Exit*}

SCENE I

London. A street

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph

Bar. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

Nym. For my part, I care not : {I say little ; but when
 time shall serve, there shall be smiles,} but that shall
 be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and

hold out mine iron : it is a simple one, but what
 though ? it will toast cheese, and it will endure
 cold, as another man's sword will : and there's the †
 humour of it. 10

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, {and
 we'll be all three sworn brothers to France : let't
 be so, good Corporal Nym.}

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain
 of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as
 I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bar. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell
 Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong for you
 were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell : things must be as they may : men 20
 may sleep, and they may have their throats about
 them at that time, and some say, knives have edges.
 It must be as it may, though patience be a tired
 mare, yet she will plod ; {there must be conclusions,}
 well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Mistress Quickly †

Bar. Here comes ancient Pistol and his wife : good
 corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host
 Pistol ?

Pis. Base tike, call'st thou me host ?
 Now by this hand I swear I scorn the title ; †

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. 31

M.Q. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. (*Nym and Pistol draw.*) O well a day, Lady, if he be not hewn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

{*Bar.* Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.}

Nym. Pish! 40

Pis. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

M.Q. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pis. 'Solus,' egregious dog? {O viper vile!}

That 'solus' {in thy most mervailous face;

The 'solus' in thy teeth, and} in thy throat,

And in thy {hateful} lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy,

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! 50

I do retort that 'solus' in thy bowels,

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me: I have †

an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pis. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight, 60
The grave doth gape, and doting, death is near,
Therefore exhale. *They draw*

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I say : he that strikes the
first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a
soldier. *Draws*

Pis. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
{Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give :
Thy spirits are most tall }

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms,
that is the humour of it. 70

Pis. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?
No, to {the spital go.

And from} the powdering-tub of infamy †
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind.
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse :
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she ; and—pauca, there's enough {too ;
Go to.}

Enter the Boy

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and 80
 you hostess : {he is very sick, and would to bed.}
 Good Bardolph, put thy nose between the sheets,
 and do the office of a warming-pan. {Faith, he's
 very ill.}

{*Bar.* Away, you rogue !}

M.Q. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of
 these days : {the king has kill'd his heart.} Good
 husband, come home presently. *Exeunt M.Q. and boy*

Bar Come, shall I make you two friends ? We must to
 France together : why the devil should we keep 90
 knives to cut one another's throats ?

{*Pis.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on !}

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at
 betting ?

Pis. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have : that's the humour of it.

Pis. As manhood shall compound : {push home.} *They draw*

Bar By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll
 kill him ; by this sword, I will.

Pis. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course. 100

Bar. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends,
 an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me
 too. {*Prithee, put up.*}

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

Pis. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,
 And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
 And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
 I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me,
 Is not this just ? for I shall sutler be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
 {Give me thy hand.}

110

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pis. In cash, most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Mistress Quickly

M.Q. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to
 Sir John. Ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a
 burning tashan contigian fever, that it is most †
 lamentable to behold. {Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, 120
 that's the even of it.

Pis. Nym, thou hast spoke the right,
 His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king, but it must be as it may ;
 he passes some humours, and careers.}

Pis. Let us condole the knight, for, lambkins, we will live.

SCENE II

Southampton. A council-chamber

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

{ Wes. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception, which they dream not of. }

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely
favours ,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell

10

His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

*Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge,
Grey, and Attendants*

Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :

Think you not that the powers we bear with us

Will cut their passage through the force of France,

{Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them ?}

Scr. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

{*Hen.* I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours :
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.}

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty ; {there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.}

Gr. True : those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, {and do serve you 30
With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.}

Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scr. So service shall with steeled sinews shine,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

Hen. {We judge no less.} Uncle of Exeter.
Enlarge the man committed yesterday, 40
That rail'd against our person : we consider

It was the heat of wine that set him on,
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scr. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Gr. Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life, 50
After the taste of much correction.

Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch !
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us ? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear
care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes : 60

Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my lord :

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scr. So did you me, my liege.

Gr. And I, my royal sovereign.

Hen. Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;
 There yours Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight,
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours ;
 Read them, and know we know your worthiness.
 {My Lord of Westmoreland, and} uncle Exeter, 70
 We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen ?
 What see you in those papers, {that you lose
 So much complexion ? Look ye how they change !
 Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,}
 That have so {cowarded and} chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance ?

Cam. I do confess my fault,
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Gr. { To which we all appeal.
Scr. {

Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd : 80
 You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy,
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters worrying them :
 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
 These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge
 here,
 You know how apt our love was, to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents ,
 Belonging to his honour ; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
 To kill us here in Hampton : to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature ?
 Thou that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me, for thy use,
 May it be possible, that foreign hire 100
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 {Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not hoop at them :
 But thou ('gainst all proportion), didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder : 110
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was

That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
 All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
 From glistering semblances of piety ;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
 If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions ' I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ? 130
 Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth, or anger,
 Constant in spirit, nor swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,
 And but in purged judgement trusting neither ?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ; 140
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man.} Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,
 And God acquit them of their practices !

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

Scr. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death,
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

{*Cam.* For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended :
 But God be thanked for prevention,
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me. 160

Gr. Never did faithful subject more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
 Prevented from a damned enterprise ;
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. }

Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
 Received the golden earnest of our death ;
 {Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, 170
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression, and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.}
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 (Poor miserable wretches) to your death .
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
 Of all your dear offences ! Bear them hence.

Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded

Now, lords, for France , the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
 {We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,}
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light

KING HENRY V

This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
{To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen : let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God, 190
Putting it straight in expedition.}
Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance,
No king of England, if not king of France. *Exeunt*

SCENE III

London. Before a tavern

Enter Pistol, Mistress Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy

M.P. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to
Staines.

Pis. No ; {for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe : Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins :
Boy, bristle thy courage up , for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bar. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either
in heaven, or in hell !}

[*Bar.* Well, Sir John is gone, God be with him !]

M.P. {Nay sure, he's not in 'hell :} he's in Arthur's 10
bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. {A'

made a finer end, } and went away an it had been any
 christom child : a' parted e'en just between twelve †
 and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide : for after
 I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with
 flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew
 there was no way but one ; for his nose was as
 sharp as a pen {and a' babbled of green fields.} †
 'How now, Sir John?' quoth I : {'what, man?
 be o' good cheer :'} so a' cried out, 'God, God, 20
 God!' three or four times : now I, to comfort
 him, bid him a' should not think of God ; I hop'd
 there was no need to trouble himself with any such
 thoughts yet ; so a' bade me lay more clothes on
 his feet : I put my hand into the bed, and felt
 them, and they were as cold as any stone : then I
 felt to his knees, [and they were as cold as any
 stone,] and so upward and upward, and all was as
 cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

30

M.P. Ay, that a' did.

Bar. And of women.

M.P. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did ; and said they were devils incarnate.

M.P. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he
 never liked.

KING HENRY V

Boy. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

M.P. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of 40
Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stand upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell[-fire ?]

Bar. {Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire :} that 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from Southampton

Pis. {Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.} 50
Look to my chattels and my movables :
{Let senses rule ;} the word is ' Pitch and Pay : ' †
Trust none ;
{For oaths are straws,} men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck : †
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. {Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.}

Pis. Touch her soft lips, and part. 60

Bar. Farewell, hostess. *Kissing her*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it ; but, adieu.

Pis. {Let housewifery appear :} keep close, I thee command.

{*M.P.* Farewell ; adieu.}

Exeunt

SCENE IV

France. The King's palace

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others

Cha. Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
 {And more than carefully it us concerns
 To answer royally in our defences }
 Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne
 Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
 {And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
 To line and new repair our towns of war
 With men of courage, and with means defendant :
 For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf
 It fits us then to be as provident
 As fear may teach us, out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.}

10

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Dau. My most redoubtèd father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :
 {For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war nor no known quarrel were in question)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation. 20
 Therefore, } I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France :
 And let us do it with no show of fear,
 No, with no more than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a {Whitsun} morris-dance :
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne,
 So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin !
 You are too much mistaken in this king : 30
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with aged counsellors, †
 How modest in exception ; and withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution :
 And you shall find his vanities forespent
 {Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate. , 40

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable ;
 But though we think it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
 Which of a weak and ruggardly projection
 Doth like a miser spoil his coat, with scanting
 A little cloth. }

Cha. Think we King Harry strong ;
 And princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 {The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ; 50
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar paths :
 Witness our too much memorable shame
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales ;
 Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers

And all wide-stretched honours, that pertain
 {By custom, and the ordinance of times,}
 Unto the crown of France : that you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rack'd,
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 In every branch truly demonstrative ;
 Willing you overlook this pedigree :
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd, of famous ancestors,
 Edward the third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him, the native and true challenger.

90

Cha. If not, what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint : for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove ;
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel.
 {And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws ;} and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

100

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The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message ; 110
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here ;
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

{*Cha.* For us, we will consider of this further :
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England. }

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

Exe Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king ; an if your father's highness †
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large, 121
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He 'll call you to so loud an answer of it, †
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say ; if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will ; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity, 130

I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe ;
 And, be assur'd, you 'll find a difference,
 As we his subjects have in wonder found,
 Between the promise of his greener days
 And these he masters now : now he weighs time
 Even to the latest grain ; that you shall find
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Cha. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full. 140

{*Exe* Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
 Come here himself to question our delay ;
 For he is footed in this land already.

Cha. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair conditions.
 A night is but small breath, and little pause
 To answer matters of this consequence.}

Flourish. Exeunt

Act Third

{PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet,
With silken streamers, the young Phœbus fanning : †
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd, behold the threaden sails, 10
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Haffleur. Follow, follow :
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,

{SCENE I

France. Before Harfleur

*Alarum Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester,
and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders*

Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness, and humility ;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head 10
Like the brass cannon , let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof :
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,

Have in these parts from morn till even fought, 20
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument :
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England , show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding , which I doubt not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
 Follow your spirit , and upon this charge
 Cry ' God for Harry, England, and Saint George ! '

Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off }

SCENE II

The same

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy

{Bar. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !
Nym. {Pray thee, corporal, stay,} the knocks are too hot ;
 {and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives :

the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pis. The plain-song is most just ; for humours do abound . }

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;

{And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame. }

10

[*Nym.* 'Tis honour, and there's the humour of it.]

Boy. Would I were {in an alehouse} in London, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, {and safety. }

Pis. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

{*Boy.* As duly,

But not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough. }

20

Enter Fluellen

Flu. [God's plud,] Up to the breach, you dogs ! avaunt, you cullions ! *Driving them forward*

Pis. {Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould : }

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage ,

{Abate thy rage, great duke !

Good bawcock, bate thy [↑]rage ; use lenity, sweet chuck !

Nym. These be good humours ! your honour wins bad humours. }

Exeunt all but Boy

Boy. { As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers : I am boy to them all three, but all they 30
three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man : for Bardolph, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd , by the means whereof, a' faces it out, but fights not : for Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof, a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons : for Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward : but his few bad words are 40
match'd with as few good deeds : for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk } They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym { and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they } stole a fire-shovel : I knew by that piece of service, they meant to carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers : { which 50

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makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs.} I must leave them, {and seek some better service · their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.} *Exit*

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines , the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines ? tell you the duke, it is not so good 60
to come to the mines ; {for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war :} the concavities of it is not sufficient , for look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines : by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

{*Gow.* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith. 70

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not ?

Gow. I think it be

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world, I will verify as much in his beard : he has no more directions in

the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy

Gow. Here a' comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans. 80

Jam. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris, have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand tish ill done! 90

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of

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the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to 100 satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Jam. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath : and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion ; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me : the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes : it is no time to discourse, the town is beseech'd : an the trumpet call us to the 110 breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing, 'tis shame for us all : so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand : and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la !

Jam. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long Marry, I wad full fain hear some 120 question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What is my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities. 130

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so
Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jam. A! that's a foul fault. *A parley sounded*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. 140

Exeunt}

SCENE III

The same. Before the gates

*The Governor and some citizens on the walls ; the English
forces below. Enter King Henry and his train*

Hen How yet resolves the governor of the town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit :

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,

Or like to men proud of destruction.

Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,

A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If we begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,

10

{And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range

With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?

What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
 Of hot and forcing violation ?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
 As send precepts to the leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people,
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace 30
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
 If not, why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls :
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers, with their howls confus'd,
 Do break the clouds ; as did the wives of Jewry, 40
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. }
 What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
 Or, gully in defence, be thus destroy'd ?
Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :

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The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us word his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy :
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensive now.

50

{*Hen.* Open your gates : come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur , there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all ; for us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest,
To-morrow for the march are we address. }

Flourish. The King and his train enter the town

SCENE IV

The French King's palace

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman

Kat. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu bien parles le † langage.

{*Ali.* Un peu, madame.

Kat. Je te prie, m'enseignez ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. } Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois ?

Al. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

{*Kat.* De hand. Et les doigts ?

Ali. Les doigts ? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts ? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; oui, de fingres. 10

Kat. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vite ment. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

Ali. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

Kat. De nails. Ecoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Ali. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.}

Kat. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Al. De arm, madame. 20

Kat. Et le coude.

Ali. De elbow.

Kat. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

{*Ali.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kat. Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : } de hand, {de fingres, de nails, } de arma, de bilbow.

Ali. De elbow, madame.

Kat. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ? 30

Ali. De neck, madame.

Kat. De nick. Et le menton ?

Ali. De chin.

Kat. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

Ali. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kat. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps

{*Ali.* N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

40

Kat. Non, je réciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Ali. De nails, madame.

Kat. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Ali. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kat. Ainsi dis-je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin.} Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe ?

Ali. Le foot, madame , et le count.

Kat. De foot et de count ! {O Seigneur Dieu ! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, 50 et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user :} je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. {Foh ! le foot et le count !} Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : de hand, {de fingres, de nails,} de

arm, {de elbow,} de nick, de sin, de foot, de count.

Al. Excellent, madame ?

Kat. {C'est assez pour une fois :} allons-nous à dî^{ner}.

Exeunt

SCENE V

The same

*Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon,
the Constable of France and others*

Cha. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme

Con. {And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. {O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our father's luxury,
{Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,}
And overlook their grafters ?

Bou. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards ! 10
Mort de ma vie ! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm

In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

†

Con. Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,

{Killing their fruit with frowns ?} Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barky-broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?

20

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty ? O, for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth {in our rich fields !—

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out, and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth,

30

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bon. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos,

Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Cha. Where is Mountjoy the herald ? speed him hence,

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, princes, and, with spirit of honour edg'd

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ; 40
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri.
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
 Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon ;
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a captive chariot, into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march ,
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. } 60

Cha. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
 {And let him say to England, that we send

To know what willing ransom he will give.}
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Cha. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 {Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.} *Exeunt*

SCENE VI

The English camp in Picardy

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. By Jesus, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is {as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and} a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not—
 God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the 10
 world, but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There ~~is~~ an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he

is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man
of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do
as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol

Flu. Here is the man. 20

Pis. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God, and I have merited some love at
his hands.

Pis. Bardolph, a soldier, {firm and sound of heart,}
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is 30
painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to
signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is
painted also with a wheel, {to signify to you,} which
is the moral {of it,} that she is turning and incon-
stant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot,
look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls,
and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes

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a most excellent description of it : Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pis. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ; 40

For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be :

A damned death !

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :

But Exeter hath given the doom of death,

For pax of petty price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach :

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite. 50

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pis. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at :
for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire
the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to
execution ; for discipline ought to be used.

Pis. Die, and be damn'd ! and figo for thy friendship !

Flu. It is well.

Pis. The fig of Spain ! [within thy jaw.] *Exit*

Flu. Very good. 60

Pis. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.

Exit

Flu. Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder ?]

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, . I remember him now ; a bawd, a cutpurse. .

Flu. By Jesus, a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day : but it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, {when time is serve.}

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then † goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into 71 London, {under the form of soldier.} And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names and they will learn you by rote where services were done ; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war , which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit 80 of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on : but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower ; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the

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world he is : if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. (*Drum heard.*) {Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.} .

90

*Drum and Colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, †
and his poor Soldiers*

{God pless your majesty !}

Hen. How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the bridge ?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. ~~The~~ Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge. {The French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages : marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge : I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man }

100

Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen ?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man . his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, {and flames o' fire,} and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, some-

times plue and sometimes red, but [God be praised,
now] his nose is executed, and his fire's out. 110

Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and
we give express charge, that {in our marches through
the country,} there be nothing compell'd from the
villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the
French upbraided or abused in disdainful language,
for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the
gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy

Mon. You know me by my habit.

Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mon. My master's mind 120

Hen. Unfold it.

Mon. {Thus says my king:} Say thou to Harry of Eng-
land: Though we seem'd dead, we did but slumber:
advantage is a better soldier than rashness. {Tell
him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but
that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it
were full ripe.} Now we speak upon our cue, and
our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly,
see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. {Bid
him therefore consider of his ransom, which must 130
proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we
have lost, the disgrace we have digested;} which in

weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under.
 {For our losess, his exchequer is too poor;} for the
 effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too
 faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own
 person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worth-
 less satisfaction. To this add defiance: {and tell
 him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers,
 whose condemnation is pronounc'd.} So far my 140
 king and master; {so much my office.}

Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mon. Montjoy.

Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
 And tell thy king, I do not seek him now;
 But could be willing to march on to Calais,
 Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled, 150
 My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus! This your air of France
 Hath blown this vice in me; I must repent.

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am ;
 My ransom, is this frail and worthless body ;
 My army, but a weak and sickly guard ; 160
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on ,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stood in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 {Go bid thy master well advise himself.}
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle, as we are,
 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it : 170
 {So tell your master.}

Mon. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. *Exit*

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs :
 {March to the bridge ; it now draws towards night :}
 Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt*

SCENE VII

The French camp, near Agincourt

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambores, Orleans,
Dauphin, with others*

Con. Tut ! I have the best armour of the world . {would
it were day !}

Orl. You have an excellent armour, but let my horse
have his due.

{*Con* It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning ?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable,
you talk of horse and armour ?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in
the world.

10

Dau. What a long night is this ! I will not change my
horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ca,
ha ! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were
hairs ; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines,
de feu ! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk :
he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ;
the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the
pipe of Hermes. }

Orl He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for 20
 Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and the dull ele- †
 ments of earth and water never appear in him, {but
 only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him :
 he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call
 beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent
 horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys, his neigh is like the
 bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces
 homage. 30

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the
 rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary
 deserved praise on my palfry : it is a theme as fluent
 as the sea : } turn the sands into eloquent tongues,
 and my horse is argument for them all : { 'tis a
 subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a
 sovereign's sovereign to ride on ; and for the world,
 familiar to us, and unknown, to lay apart their par-
 ticular functions, and wonder at him. } I once writ 40
 a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, ' Wonder of
 nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

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Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

{*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.}

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

50

{*Dau.* So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then : they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.}

60

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. { 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement,† et la truie lavée au boubier.' } thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, {or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.}

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your
tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it? 70

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and
'twere more honour some were away.

Con. E'en as your horse bears your praises, who would
trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. {Would I were able to load him with his desert!}
Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile,
and my way shall be paved with English faces. 80

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my
way: {but I would it were morning; for I would
fain be about the ears of the English.}

Ram. Who will go hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have
them.

Dau. {'Tis midnight, } I'll go arm myself. *Exit*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills. 90

{*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.}

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

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Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow : {he will keep that
good name still }

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than
you.

100

Orl. What 's he ?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself, and he said he car'd
not who knew it.

{*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is , never any body saw it,
but his lackey : 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appears, it will bate.}

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with ' There is flattery in
friendship.'

110

Orl. And I will take up that with ' Give the devil his due.'

Con. {Well plac'd : there stands your friend for the
devil :} have at the very eye of that proverb with
' A pox of the devil.'

{*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much ' A
fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.}

Enter a Messenger

Mes. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents. 120

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground ?

Mes. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. {Would it were day ! Alas, poor Harry of England ! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge !

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away. 130

Orl. That they lack ; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures ; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples ! You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the 140 mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them

great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm : come, shall we about it ? ↵

Orl. It is now two o'clock : but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. *Exeunt* } 150

Act Fourth

{PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
 night
The hum of either army stilly sounds ;
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face ;
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll ;
 And the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd,
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ,
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night, 20
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger : and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent ; 30
 Let him cry ' Praise and glory on his head ! '
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,

{SCENE I

*The English camp at Agincourt**Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester*

Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our courage be.
 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty,
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry :
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus we may gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

10

Enter Erpingham

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege : this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say ' Now lie I like a king.'
Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
 Upon example, so the spirit is eased :

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, 20
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move,
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

Hen. No, my good knight;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England: 30
 I and my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

Exeunt all but King

Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.}

Enter Pistol

Pis. Qui va là?

Hen. A friend.

Pis. Discuss unto me, art thou officer,
 Or art thou base, common, and popular?

Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pis. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40

Hen. Even so: what are you?

Pis. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pis. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
 A lad of life, an imp of fame,
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant :
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
 I love the lovely bully. What is thy name ?

Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pis. Le Roy ? a Cornish name : art thou of Cornish
 crew ?

50

Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pis. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

Hen. Yes.

{*Pis.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
 Upon Saint Davy's day.

Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day,
 lest he knock that about yours }

Pis. Art thou his friend ?

Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pis. The figo for thee, then !

60

{*Hen.* I thank you : God be with you !

Pis. } My name is Pistol call'd.

Exit

Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower

Gow. Captain Fluellen !

Flu. So ! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the {universal} world, when the {true and} aunchient prerogatifes {and laws} of the wars is not kept : if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle, 70
tiddle, not pibble pabble in Pompey's camp ; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, {and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it,} to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb ; is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, 80
in your own conscience, now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

Exeunt Gower and Fluellen

Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and
Michael Williams*

Cou. {Brother John Bates,} is not that the morning which
breaks yonder ?

{Bat.} I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire
the approach of day. }

Wil. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think
we shall never see the end of it. {Who goes there ? 90

Hen. A friend.

Wil. Under what captain serve you ?

Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Wil. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman :
I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be
wash'd off the next tide.

Bat. He hath not told his thought to the king ?

Hen. No ; nor is it not meet he should. For, though I
speak it to you, } I think the king is but a man, as I 100
am : the violet smells to him as it doth to me ; {the
element shows to him as it doth to me ; all his senses
have but human conditions : his ceremonies laid by,
in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though
his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet,
when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. }
Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do,
{his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as
ours are : yet, in reason, no man should possess him
with any appearance of fear ; lest he, by showing 110
it, should dishearten his army.

Bat. He may show what outward courage he will ; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, } he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, {so we were quit here.

Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king ; I think he would not wish himself any where, but where he is.

Bat. Then I would he were here alone ; so should he be sure 120 to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone : howsoever you speak this to feel other's men minds, methinks I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company ; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Wil. That 's more than we know.

Bat. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects : if 130 his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us. }

Wil. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all ' We died at such a place ; ' some swearing, {some crying for

a surgeon ; } some upon their wives left poor behind them ; { some upon the debts they owe, } some upon their children rawly left. { I am afeard there are 140 few die well that die in a battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument ? } Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king, that led them to it ; { whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. }

Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him : or if a 150 servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation : but this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant ; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. { Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of 160 swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers : } some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of pre-

meditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling
 virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; {some,
 making the wars their bulwark, that have before
 gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and
 robbery.} Now, if these men have defeated the
 law, and outrun native punishment, though they
 can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from
 God : war is His beadle, war is His vengeance ; {so 170
 that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the
 king's laws in now the king's quarrel : where they
 feared the death, they have borne life away ; and
 where they would be safe, they perish : then if they
 die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their
 damnation than he was before guilty of those im-
 pieties, for the which they are now visited.} Every
 subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul
 is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the
 wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every 180
 moth out of his conscience : and dying so, death
 is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was
 blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained :
 {and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that,
 making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that
 day, to see His greatness, and to teach others how
 they should prepare.}

Wil. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

{*Bat.* I do not desire he should answer for me,} and yet 190
I determine to fight lustily for him. •

Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransom'd.

Wil. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully : but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Wil. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch ! {you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face 200 with a peacock's feather.} You'll never trust his word after ! come, 'tis a foolish saying. †

Hen. Your reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Wil. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

Hen. {I embrace it.

Wil. } How shall I know thee again ?

Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet : then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel. 210

Wil. Here's my glove : give me another of thine.

{*Hen.* There.

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Wil. This will I also wear in my cap : if ever thou come to me, and say, after to-morrow, ‘ This is my glove,’ by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear. }

Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Wil. Thou dar’st as well be hang’d.

{*Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king’s company.

Wil. Keep thy word : fare thee well. } 220

Bat. Be friends, you English fools, be friends, we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Hen. {Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders :} but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. *Exeunt soldiers*

{Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, 230
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king !
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing ! What infinite heart’s-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy !
And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more • 240
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings in ?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
 What is thy soul of adoration ?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men ?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness, 250
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation ?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
 knee,
 Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;
 I am a king that find thee ; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, 260
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,

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The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on ; nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world ;
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony ;
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ; 270
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus ; and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace, 280
 Enjoys it , but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps, to maintain the peace ,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Re-enter Eppingham

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

Hen.

Good old knight,

Collect them all together at my tent :

I'll be before thee

Erp.

I shall do 't, my lord.

Exit}

Hen.

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts,

†

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now

The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers : 290

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown !

I Richard's body have interred new,

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears

Than from it issued forced drops of blood :

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,

Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood , and I have
built

Two chantries, {where the sad and solemn priests 300

Sing still for Richard's soul.} More will I do ;

Though all that I can do is all too little,

†

{Since that my penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.}

Glo. (without) My lord !

Hen.

My brother Gloucester's voice.

KING HENRY V

Re-enter Gloucester

Glo. My lord, the army stays upon your presence.

Hen. Stay, Gloucester, stay, and I will go with thee :

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt

{SCENE II

The French camp¹

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour , up, my lords !

Dau. Montez à cheval ! My horse ! varlet ! laquais ! ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. Via les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis ? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable

Now, my lord constable ?

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood ?
How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter Messenger

Mes. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse !
 Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
 Leaving them, but the shales and husks of men.
 There is not work enough for all our hands,
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
 To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
 That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
 And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on
 them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares of battle, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
 Took stand for idle speculation :
 But that our honours must not. What 's to say ?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done : then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonance, and the note to mount ;
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpré

Gra. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favouredly become the morning field : 40
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully :
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps :
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from the pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit 50
 Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ,
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
 In life so lifeless, as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guidon : to the field ! 60

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come, away !
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day. *Exeunt*}

SCENE III

The English camp

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his
 host . Salisbury and Westmoreland*

{Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle. }

Wes. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There 's five to one, besides they all are fresh.

Sal God's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.

{God buy you, princes all ; I 'll to my charge :

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, }

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu ! 10

{Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee ! }

Exe. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-day :

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it, †

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

Exit Salisbury

KING HENRY V

{*Bed.* He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
Princely in both.}

Enter the King

Wes. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do not work to-day !

Hen. What 's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? {No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sin to covet honour, †
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England .} 30
God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this feast, †
Let him depart, his passport shall be drawn,

And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship, to die with us. .
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian : 40
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, ' To-morrow is Saint Crispian : '
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 [And say ' These wounds I had on Crispin's day. ']
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he 'll remember with advantages 50
 What feats he did that day · then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ; 60
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so base, †
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
 The French are bravely in their bittles set,
 {And will with all expedience charge on us.} 70

Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Wes. Perish the man whose mind is backward now !

Hen. Thou does not wish more help from England, coz ?

Wes. God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help. could fight this battle out !

Hen. Why, now, thou hast unwish'd five thousand men ,
 Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places : God be with you all !

Tucket. Enter Montjoy

Mon Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
 {Before thy most assured overthrow :
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance ; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields ; where, wretches, their poor
bodies
Must lie and fester. }

Hen. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mon. The Constable of France

Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back : 90

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus ?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast liv'd, was killed with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves ; {upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men,} though buried in your dunghills,

They shall be fam'd ; for there the sun shall greet

them, 100

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English ;

That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, †

Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly . {tell the constable

We are but warriors for the working-day ;

Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirc'h'd

110

With rainy marching in the painful field ;}

There 's not a piece of feather in our Host—

Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—

And time hath woin us into slovenry :

But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;

And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck

The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' ears

And turn them out of service. If they do this—

As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then

120

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald,

They shall have none, I swear, but these my bones ;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,

Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mon. I shall, King Harry. {And so fare thee well :

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

Exit

Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom. }

Enter York

Yo. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

The leading of the vaward.

130

Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away,
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day !

Exeunt

SCENE IV

The field of battle

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier,
and Boy*

Pis. Yield, cur !

{*F.S.* Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne
qualité.

Pis. Qualtitie calmie custure me ! Art thou a gentle- †
man ? what is thy name ? discuss.

F.S. O Signeur Dieu !

Pis. O, Siegnieur Dew should be a gentleman :
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark ;
O Signieur Dew, } thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me 10
Egregious ransom.

F.S. O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moi !

Pis. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys ;
{For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

F.S. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras ?

KING HENRY V

Pis. Brass, cur ?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass ?

F.S. O pardonnez moi !

20

Pis. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?

Come hither, boy, ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Ecoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé ?

F.S. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pis. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret
him : discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pis. Bid him prepare ; for I will cut his throat.

30

{*F.S.* Que dit-il, monsieur ?}

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous
prêt ; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure
de couper votre gorge.

Pis. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,

{Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ,
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.}

F.S. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me par-
donner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison :
gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

40

Pis. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pis. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

{*F.S.* Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, 50
le franchisement.

F.S. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciements ;
et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les
mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant,
et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pis. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks,
and he esteems himself happy, that he hath fallen
into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave,
valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England. 60

Pis. } As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me !

{*Boy.* Suivez-vous le grand capitain.} (*exeunt Pistol, and
French Soldier.*) {I did never know so full a voice
issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,
'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bar-

dolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. *Exit* } 70

SCENE V

Another part of the field

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures †

Con. O diable !

Orl. O Seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

{*Dau.* Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !

Reproach, and everlasting shame,

Sits mocking in our plumes.

O méchante fortune ! Do not run away.

A short alarum

Con Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame ! let 's stab ourselves :

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

10

Bou. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame ! }
 Let us die in honour : once more back again,
 And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
 Like a base leno hold the chamber-door,
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
 His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
 Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field 20
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

Bou. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng :
 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exeunt

SCENE VI

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter King Henry and his train, with prisoners
 [and Pistol]

Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen,
 But all 's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

Hen Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
 I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting,
 From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
 Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,
 (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

10

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
 And cries aloud ; ‘ Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast ;
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry.’

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up,
 He {smil'd me in the face,} raught me his hand,
 {And, with a feeble gripe,} says , ‘ Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign.’

20

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm {and kiss'd his lips,}
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.

†

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd,
 But I had not so much of man in me, 30
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

Hen. I blame you not,
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, {or they will issue too. *Alarum*
 But, hark !} what new alarum is this same ?
 {The French have reinforced their scatter'd men :}
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners,
 {Give the word through.}

[*Pis.* Couple gorge] *Exeunt*

SCENE VII

Another part of the field

Enter Fluellen and Gower

Flu. [God's plud,] Kill the poys and the luggage ! { 'tis †
 expressly against the law of arms, } 'tis as arrant a
 piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd,
 iñ your conscience now, is it not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain there 's not a boy left alive, and the
 cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done
 this slaughter : besides, they have burned and carried

away all that was in the king's tent, wherefore the king {most worthily} hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat O, 'tis a gallant king ! 10

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower : what call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born ?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? the pig, or the great, {or the mighty, or the huge,} or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon, his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 20

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth, it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both If you 30 mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; {for there is

figures in all things.} Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, {and his cholers, and his moods,} and his displeasures, and his indignations, {and also being a little intoxicates in his prains,} did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends. 40

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made [an end] and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it : as Alexander kill'd his friend Cleitus, {being in his ales and his cups} ; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his ripe wits, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet : {he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks,} I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff. 50

Flu. Ay, I think it is Sir John Falstaff indeed : I'll tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces ; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others

Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald,

Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill :
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field , they do offend our sight :
 If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones 60
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
 Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy. {Go and tell them so.}

Enter Montjoy

{*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be }

Hen. God's will, what means this, herald ? know'st thou
 not

That we have fin'd these bones of ours for ransom ?

{Com'st thou again for ransom ?}

Mon. {No, great king :}

I come to thee for charitable license, 70

{That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them,}

To sort our nobles from our common men.

{For many of our princes (woe the while !)

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice } O, give us leave, great king, 80
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies !

Hen. • I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not if the day be ours or no,
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer
 And gallop o'er the field.

Mon. The day is yours.

Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !
 What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ?

Mon. We call it Agincourt.

Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus. 90

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory (an't please
 your majesty) {and your great-uncle Edward the
 Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chron-
 icles,} fought a most prave pattle here in France.

Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true : if your majesties is
 remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service
 in a garden where leeks did grow, {wearing leeks
 in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty know
 to this hour is an honourable badge of the service ;} 100

KING HENRY V

and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour :

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that .
God pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too !

Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care 110
not who know it ; {I will confess it to all the 'orld,
I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God,} so long as your majesty is an honest man.

Hen. God keep me so ! (*enter Williams.*) Our heralds go with him

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy

Exe. (to Williams) Soldier, you must come to the king.

Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap ?

Wil. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of {one that
I should fight withal, if be he alive. 120

Hen. An Englishman ?

Wil. An 't please your majesty,}* a rascal that swagger'd
with me last night ; who, if alive, and ever dare to

challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear : {or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear (if alive), I will strike it out soundly.}

Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your 130 majesty, in my conscience.

Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary (look your grace) that he keep his vow and his oath : if he be perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground, and his earth, in my conscience, la ! 140

Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, {when you meet'st the fellow.

Wil. So I will, my liege, as I live.

Hen. } Who serv'st thou under ?

Wil. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

KING HENRY V

Wil. I will, my liege.

Exit

Hen. Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and 150
stick it in thy cap : when Alanson and myself were
down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm :
if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alanson,
and an enemy to our person ; {if thou encounter any
such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.}

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be
desir'd in the hearts of his subjects : I would fain
see the man, {that has but two legs,} that shall find
himself aggrieved at this glove ; that is all ; but I
would fain see it once, an't please God of his grace 160
that I might see.

Hen. Know'st thou Gower ?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an't please you.

Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him

Exit

Hen. {My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,}

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels .

The glove which I have given him {for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear ,}

It is the soldier's ; {I by bargain should

170

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,}

Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;
 For I do know Fluellen valiant,
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury .
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
 {Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.} *Exeunt*

SCENE VIII

Before King Henry's pavilion

Enter Gower and Williams

{*Wil.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.}

Enter Fluellen

Flu. God's will, and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you
 now, come apace to the king : there is more good
 toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge
 to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove ?

Flu. {Know the glove ?} I know the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it. *Strikes him*

Flu. 'Sblood ! {an arrant traitor as any is in the universal
 world, or in France, or in England !} 10

Gow. How now, sir ? you villain !

Wil. Do you think I 'll be forsworn ?

KING HENRY V

Flu. } Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treason his
payment into plows, I warrant you.

{ *Wil.* I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his
majesty's name, apprehend him, he's a friend of the
Duke Alanson's. }

Enter Warwick and Gloucester

War. How now, how now, what's the matter ?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for 20
it, a most contagious treason come to light, look
you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is
his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter

Hen. How now, what's the matter ?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look
your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty
is take out of the helmet of Alanson.

Wil. My liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it ;
and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear
it in his cap : I promis'd to strike him, if he did : I 30
met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have
been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's man-
hood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave
it is : I hope your majesty is plear me testimony and

witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove
of Alanson, that your majesty is give me, in your
conscience, now.

Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier : look, here is the fellow
of it. 40

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. And please your majesty, let his neck answer for it,
if there is any martial law in the world.

Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Wil. All offences, my lord, come from the heart . never †
came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

{*Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse. }

Wil. Your majesty came not like yourself : you appear'd
to me but as a common man ; witness the night, 50
your garments, your lowliness ; and what your
highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you to
take it for your own fault, and not mine : for had
you been as I took you for, I made no offence ;
therefore I beseech your highness pardon me.

Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns :
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him. 60

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you, {and I pray you to serve God,} and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, {and quarrels} and dissensions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your money, sir, not I.

Flu. {It is with a good will ; I can tell you} it will serve you to mend your shoes : come, wherefore should you be so queamish ? your shoes is not so good : 'tis a good silling, {I warrant you, or I will change it.} 70

Enter an English Herald

{*Hen.* Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

Her Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.}

Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king,
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt :
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French 80
That in the field lie slain . of {princes, in this number,
And} nobles bearing banners, {there lie dead
One hundred twenty six : ^added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
 The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
 And gentlemen of blood and quality. 90

The names of those their nobles that lie dead :}
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France,
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France,
 The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures,
 Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
 Dolphin,

John Duke of Alanson, {Anthony Duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
 And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls,}
 Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrade. 100
 Here was a royal fellowship of death !
 Where is the number of our English dead ?

Herald shews him another paper

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
 {None else of name , } and of all other men
 But five and twenty. •

O God, thy arm was here ;

KING HENRY V

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we praise. When, without stratagem, †
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss † 110
 On one part and on th' other ? Take it, God,
 For it is only thine ! †

Exe. 'Tis wonderful !

Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village :
 And be it death proclaimed through our host
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
 Which is his due. †

Flu. Is it not lawful, an 't please your majesty, to tell how
 many is kill'd ?

Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgement,
 That God fought for us. † 120

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

Hen. {Do we all holy rites ;}
 Let there be sung ' Non nobis ' and ' Te Deum,'
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay :
 And then to Calais, and to England thên,
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happier men.

Exeunt

Act Fifth

{PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea : behold the English beach
 Pales in the flood ; with men, with wives, and boys, 10
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
 sea,
 Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
 Seems to prepare his way : so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath ;
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne

KING HENRY V

His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him through the city : he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness, and self-glorious pride ; 20
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens,
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood, †
 Were now the general of our gracious empress, 30
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home ;
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them ; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40
 Till Harry's back return again to France :
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd

The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

Exit}

SCENE I

France. The English camp

Enter Fluellen and Gower

Gow. {Nay, that 's right ;} but why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things {I will tell you as my friend, Captain Gower : the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave} Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits ; he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him ; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires. 10

Enter Pistol

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

KING HENRY V

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.
God pless you, Aunchient Pistol ! you scurvy lousy
knave, God pless you.

Pis. Ha ! art thou bedlam ? dost thou thirst, base
Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ?

Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

20

Flu. {I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my
desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat,
look you, this leek .} because, look you, you do not
love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and
your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would
desire you to eat it.

Pis. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you.

Strikes him

{Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it ?}

Pis. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

30

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will
is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and
eat your victuals : {come, there is sauce for it.
(*Strikes him.*) You call'd me yesterday mountain-
squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low
degree. I pray you fall to, if you can mock a leek,
you can eat a leek.}

Gow. Enough, captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or
I will peat his pate four days : {bite, I pray you, 40
it is good for your green wound, and your ploody
coxcomb.}

Pis. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question
too, and ambiguities.

{*Pis.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge I eat and †
eat I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you, will you have some more sauce to
your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pis. Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat. 50

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay,
pray you, throw none away, the skin is good for
your broken coxcomb ;} when you take occasions
to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that
• is all.

Pis. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good : hold you, there is a groat to heal
your pate. •

Pis. • Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have 60
another leek {in my pocket, which you shall eat.}

Pis. I take thy groat in earnest • of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels, you

shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God buy you, and keep you, and heal your pate. *Exit*

Pis. All hell shall stir for this.

{*Gow.* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave, will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition; fare ye well.} *Exit* 70

Pis. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Doll is dead i' the spital
Of maia^{dy} of France; *†* 81

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these {cudgell'd} scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. *Exit*

SCENE II

France A royal palace

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords ; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katherine, Alice and other Ladies ; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met !
 Unto our brother France, {and to our sister,
 Health and} fair time of day ; joy and good wishes
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine ;
 And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
 {By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,}
 We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy ;
 {And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !}

Cha. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England, fairly met, 10
 So are you, princes English, every one.

{Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
 Against the French, that met them in their bent,

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you. }

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.

{Great Kings of France and England, that I have
 labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto this bar, and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,

That face to face, and royal eye to eye, 30

You have congreeted : } let it not disgrace me,

What rub, or what impediment there is,

It I demand before this royal view,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?

{Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility. 40

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned, dies ; her hedges even-pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs ; her fallow leas,
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
 That should deracinate such savagery ;
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility ;
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country ,
 But grow like savages, as soldiers will
 That nothing do but meditate on blood, 60
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour,
 You are assembled : and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle Peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.}

Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
{Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited,} you must buy that peace 70
With full accord to all our just demands,
{Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

Hen. Well then ; the peace
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.}

Cha. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er glanced the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us {once more, with better heed 80
To re-survey them ;} we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntingdon, go with the king,
{And take with you free power, to ratify
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,

And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister, 90
Go with the princes, or stay here with us ?

Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them :
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

Hen. } Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us,
 { She is our capital demand, compris'd
 Within the fore-rank of our articles. }

Isa. She hath good leave. *Exeunt all except Hen., Kat. and Ali.*

{ *Hen.* Fair Katherine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear, 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Kat. Your majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak your
England.

Hen. O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with
your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess
it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like
me, Kate ?

Kat. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is ' like me. '

Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kat. Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ? 110

Ali. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

Hen. I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not blush to
affirm it.

Kat. O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Ah. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits : dat is de princess.

Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, 120
 Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding, I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you : ' then if you urge me farther than to say 'Do you in faith ? ' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, i' faith, do, and so clap hands, and a bargain : how say you, lady ?

Kat. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell. 130

Hen. ~~Myself~~, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me ; for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. } If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle, with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife : {or if I

might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a 140 jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only down-right oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging.} If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. {I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not,} to say to thee that I shall 150 die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. {And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncombed constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ? a speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad,} a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate 160 will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow : but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or rather the sun, and not the moon ; {for

it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly.} If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kat. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

Hen. No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of 170
France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kat. I cannot tell vat is dat.

Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, {hardly to be shook off.} Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand †
~~vous~~ avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what 181
then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France, et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: {I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me

Kat. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois le quel je parle.

Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate : but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs 190
be granted to be much at one.} But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kat. I cannot tell. •

Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me : and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; {and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart .} but, good Kate, mock me merci- 200
fully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. {If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder :} shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? {shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?}

{*Kat.* I do not know dat.

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Hen. No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise . do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy ; and for my English

moiety, take the word of a king, and a bachelor.
How answer you, la plus belle Katherine du monde,
mon très cher et devin déesse ?}

Kat. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive
de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

Hen. {Now fie upon my false French ! By mine honour
in true English, I love thee, Kate ; by which honour, 220
I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins
to flatter me that thou dost ; notwithstanding the
poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now
beshrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of
civil wars when he got me, therefore was I created
with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that,
when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in
faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear :
my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty,
can do no more spoil upon my face : thou hast me, 230
~~it~~ thou hast me, at the worst ; and thou shalt wear
me, if thou wear me, better and better : and there-
fore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me ?
Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts
of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me
by the hand, and say ' Harry of England, I am thine : '
which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear
withal, but I will tell thee aloud ' England is thine,

Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; ' who, though I speak it before 240
his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken ; therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English ; } wilt thou have me ?

Kat. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

{ *Kat.* Den it sall also content me. 250

Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kat. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur ; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

Hen. } Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kat. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocés, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she ? 260

Ali. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,
—I cannot tell vat is baiser en English.

Hen. To kiss.

KING HENRY V

{*Al.* Your majesty entendre bettie que moi.

Hen. } It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss
before they are married, would she say ?

Ali. Oui, vrayment.

Hen. O Kate, nice customs courtesy to great kings.
{ Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within
the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the 270
makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that
follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults,
as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of
your country in denying me a kiss : } therefore
patiently, and yielding. (*Kissing her.*) You have
witchcraft in your lips, Kate : { there is more elo-
quence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues
of the French council ; } and they should sooner
persuade Harry of England than a general petition
of monarchs. Here comes your father. 280

*Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and
other Lords*

{*Bur.* God save your majesty, my royal cotisn, teach you
our princess English ?

Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly
I love her, and that is good English

Bur. Is she not apt ?

Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not

smooth ; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

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Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle ; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid, yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self ? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces. 300

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for maids well summer'd, and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would 310 not abide looking on.

KING HENRY V

Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer ;
and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter
end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

Hen. It is so : and you may, some of you, thank love for
my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city
for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Cha. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively ; the cities
turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with 320
maiden walls that war hath never entered.

Hen. Shall Kate be my wife ?

Cha. So please you.

Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may
wait on her : so the maid that stood in the way for
my wish shall show me the way to my will. }

Cha. We have consented to all terms of reason.

{*Hen.* Is 't so, my lords of England ?

Wes. The king hath granted every article :

His daughter first ; and then in sequel all, 330
According to their firm proposed natures. }

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this :

Where your majesty demands, that the King of
France, having any occasion to write for matter of
grant, shall name your highness in this form and
with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils


Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France ; and
thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus,
Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Cha. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, 340
But your request shall make me let it pass.

Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Cha. Take her, fair son, {and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord 350
In their sweet bosoms ; that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen ! }

Hen. Now, welcome, Kate : and bear me witness ~~and~~ 
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. *Flourish*

{*Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill offence, or fell jealousy, 360
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

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Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league :
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen !

All. Amen !

Hen. } Prepare we for our marriage : on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

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Sennet. Exeunt

{EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time : but in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England : Fortune made his sword ;
By which the world's best garden he achieved ;
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed ; 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed .
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take, *Exit*}

Notes

I. 1. 1. *bill*; a project, advanced first in 1404 and renewed in 1410, for confiscating the revenues of the higher ecclesiastics.

I. i 51. *So that the art . . .*; the *So that* is awkward, but the passage clearly means 'his discourse is so good that his theory must clearly be derived from practical experience of affairs, though it is hard to know whence he gained that experience, since . . .'

I. 11. 13 *wise and learned*, so Q. F reads *dear and faithful*.

I. 11. 72. *line*; F *find*, none of the explanations of which is convincing; Q *fine*, which seems even less convincing. *Line* on the other hand is not uncommon in the sense of 'support,' 'back up.'

I. 11. 88. *Lewis*; it will have been observed that Q, by reason of its cuts, has made considerable nonsense of much of this speech. But the cutter sees that as Lewis has disappeared earlier he must disappear here too, and so reads *Charles*.

I. 11. 94. *Than amply to unbar . . .*, this is only one suggestion among many for a vexed passage. F reads *imbarre*, Q *imbace*. *Imbar* means to exclude, or alternatively 'to fence in'; and neither seems to give satisfactory sense, apart from the suspiciousness of the repetition of *bar* two lines above. *Unbar* is of course graphically easy, and gives some sense, in the sense of 'surrender.'

I. 11. 99. *the son dies*, so Q, representing the sense of Numbers xxvii 8 'better than F's *the man dies*, since the daughter is only to inherit if there is no son.

I. 11. 103. *great-grand sire*; Edward III.

I. 11. 146-47. *For you . . . France*; so Q. This seems to me one of the clear cases that encourage a belief in Q. F contrives a com-

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plete, though somewhat halting and infinitely less vigorous, second line by reading :

*For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France.*

I. ii. 154. *trint hereof*; so Q. F *ill neighbourhood*.

I. ii. 165. *sumless*, Q reads *shipless*.

I. ii. 173. *spoil*, so Q. F *tear*, which looks like a clear case of an editor or transcriber trying to improve; the weasel has just been described as 'sucking' (even if any animal could be said to tear eggs); but the alterer's mind is full of the last-mentioned animal, the cat.

I. ii. 181. *Put into parts . . .*, the whole metaphor is from part-singing, *consent* being a common spelling for *concent*, i.e. harmony, and *close* being the 'cadence.'

I. ii. 207-9. These lines are given as in F. It is perhaps worth giving Q's reading as an example of the odd inequalities of difference between the texts :

*As many arrows loosed several ways, fly to one mark :
As many several ways meet in one town :
As many fresh streams run in one self sea :*

where *fly* and *run* seem on the whole preferable to the F readings, but *self* definitely worse; and where the apparent attempt of F to cure the mislineation and the metre by the omission of the second *several* does not in fact succeed.

I. ii. 233. *waxen*; Q reads *paper*, and as there is evidence for the affixing of epitaphs written on paper to the 'herse or grave' this may well be the right reading. If we adhere to the reading of F, then I think that the word means simply 'perishable'; this is described by H. A. Evans as 'the last resource of the desperate

annotator'; but the N.E.D. gives several instances of the use of *waxen* not necessarily in the sense of 'perishable' but rather 'with qualities other than those expected,' e.g. a waxen coat (of mail) is a penetrable coat; and one of the instances specifically contrasts wax with the expected marble (in which contrast it does of course mean perishable).

I. ii. 254. *study*; so Q. F *spirit*.

I. ii. 263. *hazard*; a *hazard* is any one of the three 'winning openings' in the tennis court, into any of which if the ball is struck it counts a point to the striker. *Chases* are another technicality of this noble but intricate game; they are, roughly, points held in suspense to be played for at a later stage of the game in which they occur, but as their exact nature has no particular metaphorical significance in this passage, and an attempt to explain it would certainly be long and probably incomprehensible, I forgo the attempt.

II. Prol. 41-42. These two lines could be used as quite definite support for a view that at least the next scene was a later addition to the play, perhaps added because it was felt that the entry of Pistol, who from Q's title-page was clearly a 'draw,' was being too long delayed. The lines in themselves are suspicious; the rhyme is poor; they end the prologue with a double instead of a single couplet, which is not true of the three succeeding prologues and only dubiously true of that to Act I.; and, worst of all, they can only with difficulty be wrenched into meaning what they must mean, namely, that the change of scene which has just been elaborately announced is after all to be postponed till the king enters. Cut out these two lines, with the succeeding scene, and the continuity becomes perfect and the effectiveness of the prologue greatly increased. But if the following scene were an insertion, some such piece of cobbling would have been rendered imperative.

II. i. 9. *the humour of it*, so Q. *F an end*. It is surely more natural for Nym's first real speech to end with his characteristic phrase.

II. i. 25. (S.D.). *Mistress Quickly*, no doubt she ought now to be called *Mistress Pistol*, but it seems better to leave her under her familiar title.

II. i. 30. *by this band*; Q reads the more picturesque *by gad's lugs*, which one would readily accept, and assume that F has been at its usual process of expurgation, if it were not that oaths are very easy gags, and that this particular oath is hardly in Pistol's usual high-flown vein.

II. i. 54. *Barbason*, one of the fiends, cf. *Merry Wives*, II. ii. 311.

II. i. 74. *powdering-tub* etc.; a powdering tub was properly a tub in which beef was salted; it became a cant name for the sweating tub used in the sweating cure for venereal disease (cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 87). In Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid* Cressida dies a leper (*lazar*), and '*kite of Cressid's kind*' seems to have become a stock phrase for a loose woman.

II. i. 118. *tashan contigian fever*; so Q. Even if it is only due to the actor, it is hard to resist it as against the still muddled, but partly regularised, reading of F, *quotidian tertian*.

II. iii. 13. *chrisom*; i.e. wearing the 'chrisom,' a white-dress worn by a baby for the first month of its life.

II. iii. 18. *a' babbled of green fields*; perhaps the most famous of Shakespearean emendations, and the modesty with which Theobald advanced it is worth quoting. F reads *a Table of green fields*. An anonymous gentleman had suggested *talked* for *Table*, and Theobald comments, 'The Variation from "Table" to "talked" is not of a very great Latitude; though we may still come nearer to the Traces of the Letters, by restoring it thus: . . . *and a' babled of green fields*.' (In fact Theobald would have strengthened an already

strong case by printing what the MS. almost certainly read, *babld*, a plain *e. d* error with a confusion of *t* and *b*). If that is not what Shakespeare wrote he would at least have been glad to have written it

II. iii. 51. *Pitch and Pay*; there is no question that this means 'Pay cash down,' but much question why it means that. It is perhaps worth noticing that there is a lane near Bristol known as 'Pitch and Pay,' and that the traditional account of its name is that during an epidemic of plague the citizens pitched into a bowl of disinfectant their cash for the produce brought in to the barrier by the country people.

II. iii. 54. *hold-fast is the only dog*; "Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better."

II. iv. 33. *aged*; so Q, surely a better contrast to the *youth* of the Dauphin's attack than the colourless *noble* of F.

II. iv. 120-22. An almost certain case of either cutting or addition, since the cutting or addition is so neatly done. Q omits l. 121 and reads *unless* for *an if*.

II. iv. 123. *loud*; so Q, much more in key with what follows than the *hot* of F.

III. Prol. 6. *fanning*, this (Rowe's) is the accepted emendation of F's *fayning*, but it is difficult to be happy about it. The natural meaning would be that the streamers (or the fleet) *fan* (or whatever the word should be) the young Phœbus. But perhaps the solution of the difficulty is that the construction is absolute, and that Phœbus is an error for Zephyr, so that the meaning is 'while the gentle breeze fans them.'

III. iv. The French of F (and still more of Q) is an odd composition. But since Katherine and Alice were presumably supposed to speak their own language correctly, whatever they did with

English, there seems no reason to retain, or even comment on, the many blunders of F and Q, nor, in a text which modernises the spelling of English, to retain the archaic spelling of French.

III. v. 14. *nook-shotten*, the ordinary meaning of this word, 'shot full of nooks' (cf. Holme in 1688 defining a 'Querke' as 'a nook shoten Pane, or any Pane whose sides and top run out of a square form'), suits no doubt the appearance of England on a map, but is not particularly apposite in the context and it is worth noticing that Miss G. Jackson, who quotes from Shropshire dialect the use which supports the usual meaning, quotes also another in which the word seems to mean 'worthless,' i.e. 'shot into the (ingle)nook.'

III. vi. 41. *pax*, the theft is historically recorded, but by all the chroniclers as the theft of a pix, not a pax. The pix (pyx) is a vessel in which the consecrated wafer of the mass was reserved; the pax was a plate with a figure of Christ on the cross stamped on it, which was kissed by priest and congregation in 'the kiss of peace' Q and F concur in *pax* (Q *packs*).

III. vi. 46. *petty*; so Q F *little*, I think that we may allow Pistol an extra alliteration.

III. vi. 70. *gull*; the ordinary meaning is 'dupe'; but, in spite of the ~~fool~~ which follows, this does not seem particularly appropriate to Pistol. The first occurrence recorded by the N.E.D. of 'gull' in the sense of 'one who gulls another' is not till 1700, but as it is from a cant dictionary, it is not unreasonable to suppose that that sense was current previously.

III. vi. 90 (S.D.). Q gives an unnecessary *Clarence* among the entrants, but no soldiers; F gives the unnecessary though picturesque *poor soldiers*, but no *Gloucester*, though he is wanted for the single line 173.

III. vii. 18. *pipe of Hermes*, what is Hermes doing with a pipe? His normal emblem is the serpent-twined wand, the caduceus. But on one famous occasion he used the pipe, when he lulled the hundred-eyed Argus to sleep.

III. vii. 21. *Perseus*; why a beast for Perseus in particular? Pegasus did indeed spring from the blood of Medusa, whom Perseus killed, but his owner was Bellerophon. And Perseus has no connection in myth with any particular horse at all. The answer is probably just that Shakespeare was confusing two legends; but it is perhaps worth noticing that Q reads *palfry of the sun*, and one of the steeds of the sun-god might well be *pure air and fire*.

III vii 64. *Le chien* . . . , 2 Peter 11. 22.

IV. Prol. 2. *poring*; this probably is a 'transferred epithet' and means the 'dim dark, in which one can hardly see.' But 'pore' is also a variant spelling of 'pour,' which would suit well with both *creeping* and the *wide vessel*.

IV. i. 202. *come, 'tis a foolish saying*; so F. Q, more bluntly, *your a nasse goe*.

IV. i. 289-90. These three lines are given as in F, since, though something is clearly wrong, I do not think that it can be cleared up by the facile emendation of *of* to *if* (Tyrwhitt) or *lest* (Theobald), of which the first is graphically likely but poor in sense, while the second gives the right sense but is graphically improbable. *Possess them not with fear* is a feebly negative petition after *steel my soldier's hearts*, and looks as though it belonged rather in such a phrase as *that the opposed numbers Possess them not with fear*. Q reads quite straightforwardly, though unmetrically,

• *steel my soldiers' hearts,*
Take from them now the sense of reckoning,

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*That the opposed multitudes which stand before them
May not appal their courage.*

IV. i. 302. *all too little*; so Q. F misses the chime on *all* by reading the smother and triter *nothing worth*.

IV. iii. 13-14. *And yet . . . valour*; the transposition of these two lines (Thirlby) which in F inappositely follow 11, is supported by the Q reading, which ends with an odd and interesting phrase,

*Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparks of honour.*

IV. iii. 28. *If it be a sin . . .*; it is odd to find Henry speaking in the accents of Hotspur.

IV. iii. 35, 36. *feast, drawn*; so Q. F *fight, made*.

IV. iii. 62. *base*; so Q, a juster contrast to *gentle* than F's *vile*.

IV. iii. 105. *grazing*; this emendation of Theobald is usually accepted without demur for the *crasing* which is read by both Q and F. But it is not satisfactory graphically, nor wholly so, on examination, in sense, since the bullet is far from dead after the ricochet. *Crasing* can mean 'broken in pieces.'

IV. iv. 4. *Qualitie . . .*; it seems waste of time to dispute over Pistol's jargon but the words after *Qualitie* may represent a popular Irish refrain, 'Calen, O custure me.'

IV. v. In a text which is relying more than usual on Q it is perhaps fair to give a sample of Q at its worst. Here is this scene as given in Q:

Enter the foure French Lords
Ge. O *diabello*.
Con. *Mor du ma vie*.
Or. O *what a day is this!*

- Bui. *O Iour de houte all is gone, all is lost.*
 Con. *We are mough yet living in the field,*
 To smother up the English,
 If any order might be thought upon.
 Bur. *A plague of order, once more to the field,*
 And he that will not follow Burbon now,
 Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
 Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
 Why least by a slaue no gentler than my dog,
 His fairest daughter is contamuracke.
 Con. *Disorder that hath spoyld us, right us now,*
 Come we in heapes, wee le offer up our lues
 Unto these English, or else die with fame.
 Come, come along,
 Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

But it is to be noticed that, bad though this is, the Folio is nothing much to boast of, reading as it does *Mor Dieu ma vie* ; *Let us dye in once more backe againe* ; *Whilst a base slaue, no gentler than my dogge, His fairest daughter is contaminated* (not to mention the awkwardly repeated *throngs* and *throng*, which look suspiciously like tinkering), so that the despised Quarto has to be brought in to cure it.

IV. vi. 26. *seal'd* . . . ; Q reads *seal'd* : *An argument of never-ending love*, of which *never-ending* seems definitely preferable to *noble-ending*, *argument*, in the sense of 'proof' at least as good as *testament*, since there is no question of any legacy, and *seal'd*, in the absolute sense, with no expressed object, quite tolerable.

IV. vii. 1. *Kill the poys* . . . ; one can hardly help feeling that there is some dislocation here, unless indeed Gower believes that the King has behaved better than he has. At the end of the pre-

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ceding scene the order to kill the prisoners is a mere matter of expediency, to ~~save~~ guards, not at all a possibly legitimate revenge.

IV. viii. 46-55. The lines are given as in F, but it is perhaps interesting to give them also as they appear in Q, with, I think, an added force of simplicity and directness. *My Liege, all offences come from the heart; never came any from mine to offend your majesty. You appeared to me as a common man: witness the night, your garments, your lowliness, and whatsoever you received under that habit, I beseech your majesty impute it to your own fault and not mine. For your self came not like your self: had you been as you seemed, I had made no offence. Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.*

IV. viii. 108, 112, 116. *praise, only, due*; so Q. F reads respectively *all, none but, only*.

V. Prol. 29-34. Essex started on his Irish expedition at the end of March 1599. During the summer his triumphant return was expected. In fact he returned, very far from triumphant, in September.

V. i. 46. This speech of Pistol is regularly, and I think justly, adduced as an example of the picturesque significance of Elizabethan punctuation, or in this case the absence of punctuation.

V. i. 80. *Doll*; Q and F concur in this odd reading, and I hesitate to change to the obvious and generally accepted *Nell* (Mistress Quickly's name). It is just worth noticing that the last we heard of Doll (Tearsheet), in II. 1. 73, was that she was in the spital; which may either account for the error, or be the point of the remark.

V. ii. 180-83. *Je quand . . . mienne*; given as in F. Q cuts a great deal of this wooing scene, and drastically changes the order of what is left, but verbally alters for the worse very little; and its version of these few lines, with its brisk interchange, seems

superior to F, though it would be the better of a transposition, to make it square exactly with 174, 175.

Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speed.

Quon France et mon.

Kate. *That is, when France is yours.*

Harry. *Et vous ettes amoy.*

Kate *And I am to you.*

Harry *Doock France ettes a vous.*

Kate *Den France sall be mine.*

Harry. *Et Ile suyues a vous.*

Kate *And you will be to me.*

Glossary

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them.

Prologue

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
6 PORT, carriage	11 COCKPIT (<i>properly</i> circular enclosure for cock-fighting, and so) the theatre
10 SCAFFOLD, stage	17 CIPHERS, noughts

Act First

SCENE I

3 LIKE, <i>sc.</i> to have passed	39 ADMIRING, wondering
4 SCAMBLING, scuffling	43 LIST, listen to
15 LAZARS, 'sick and poor'	46 GORDIAN, intricate (<i>a knot tied by Pbrygian king Gordius, and cut by Alexander</i>)
28 CONSIDERATION, sober reflection	53 WHICH, and it
34 CURRANCE, current	66 CRESCIVE, growing
35 HYDRA, many-headed serpent killed by Hercules (with difficulty, since for each head cut off two grew)	74 EXHIBITERS, proposers (of bill)
36 HIS, its	86 SEVERALS, details
20 <i>m</i>	

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SCENE II

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
15	NICELY, with splitting hairs	175	IS . . . NECESSITY, it is poor-
70	GLOZE, interpret		spirited to think that
137	PROPORTIONS, estimate of		necessary
	numbers required	190	OF SORTS, of various types
140	MARCHES, borders	194	BOOT, pillage
143	COURSING SNEAKERS, marauders	224	OUR AWE, awe of us
144	INTENDMENT, 'drive'	252	GALLIARD, dance
145	GIDDY, unreliable	255	TUN, barrel
151	GLEAINED, depleted	267	COMES O'ER US WITH, casts up
160	STRAY, vagiant		against us
		308	CHECK, rebuke

Act Second

PROLOGUE

12	GOOD INTELLIGENCE, reliable	28	GRACE OF KINGS, pattern of
	information		kingship
14	PALE POLICY, cowardly	31	LINGER, extend
	manœuvres		DIGEST, manage
18	HONOUR WOULD THEE DO, <i>i.e.</i>	32	ABUSE, playing fast and loose
	would bring thee honour		with
19	KIND, true		FORCE, reinforce, support
27	FEARFUL, apprehensive	34	SET, set forward

SCENE I

10	HUMOUR, <i>it is hardly possible to</i>	73	SPITAL, hospital
	<i>gloss all the shades of meaning</i>	88	PRESENTLY, at once
	<i>of Nym's favourite word,</i>	106	NOBLE, 6s. 8d
	<i>trick is often the nearest</i>		PRESENT PAY, cash down
	<i>equivalent</i>	106	SUTLER, canteen-keeper
16	REST, resolve	125	PASSES, indulges
68	TALL, valiant		

SCENE II

line

- 2 APPREHENDED, arrested
 46 HIS SUFFERANCE, mercy to him
 53 ORISONS, pleadings
 57 ENLARGE, set free
 61 LATE, lately appointed
 90 PRACTICES, plots
 108 ADMIRATION, wonder
 HOOP, exclaim in astonishment
 ('oo-er')

line

- 121 GULL'D, deceived
 123 TARTAR, Tartarus = Hell
 127 AFFIANCE, loyalty
 134 COMPLEMENT, completeness
 137 BOLTED, sifted
 159 SUFFERANCE, suffering
 188 RUB, impediment
 192 SIGNS, standards

SCENE III

- 47 SHOG, trudge
 53 WAFER-CAKES, thin cakes

- 56 CRYSTALS, *i.e.* eyes

SCENE IV

- 28 HUMOROUS, 'temperamental'
 34 EXCEPTION, taking exception
 46 OF NIGGARDLY PROJECTION, if
 niggardly planned
 50 FLESH'D, having tasted first
 blood
 85 SINISTER, *i.e.* bar-sinister

- 85 AWKWARD, not straightforward
 87 RACK'D, forced (*but perhaps we
 should read rak'd*)
 89 DEMONSTRATIVE, demonstrated
 90 OVERLOOK, look over
 91 EVENLY, in direct line
 95 CHALLENGER, claimant

Act Third

PROLOGUE

- 5 BRAVE, resplendent
 10 THREADEN, woven
 12 BOTTOMS, hulks
 14 RIVAGE, shore
 24 CULL'D, picked

- 26 ORDNANCE, cannon
 27 GIRDED, besieged
 32 LIKES, does not please
 33 LINSTOCK, the stick holding the
 'match'

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SCENE I

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
8	HARD-FAVOUR'D, grim-visaged	21	ARGUMENT, anything more to fight for
10	PORTÂGE, port-hole	24	COPY, pattern
13	JUTTY, project over HIS, its	31	IN THE SLIPS, ready to be let slip (for the course)
18	FET, fetched		
	OF WAR-PROOF, tried in war		

SCENE II

3	CASE, <i>either</i> a number (<i>as of instruments</i>) or a pair (<i>as of rapiers or pistols</i>)	32	ANTICS, clowns
22	CULLIONS, rascals	48	CARRY COALS, act as drudges
26	BAWCOCK, fine fellow (<i>beau cog</i>)	57	PRESENTLY, at once
		89	PIONEERS, sappers

SCENE III

11	FLESH'D, see gloss on II. iv. 50	50	DEFENSIVE, defensible
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SCENE V

6	LUXURY, 'amours'	19	BARLEY-BROTH, 'barley-brew' (ale)
7	PUT IN, grafted on	20	DECOCT, heat up
9	OVERLOOK, overtop	33	LAVOLTAS, CORANTOS, dances (one leaping, the other gliding)
	GRAFTERS, original stock		
13	SLOBBERY, muddy ('slob-land')		
19	SUR-REIN'D, over-ridden		

SCENE VI

30	AUNCHIENT, <i>i.e.</i> ancient=ensign	126	INJURY, <i>i.e.</i> a boil
75	SCONCE, redoubt	129	ADMIRE, wonder at
106	BUBUKLES, 'portmanteau' of bubo and carbuncle		SUFFERANCE, patience
107	WHELKS, pimples	147	IMPEACHMENT, hindrance
		157	BLOWN, blown up

SCENE VII

line		line	
14	HAIRS (<i>tennis balls were stuffed with hair</i>)	84	GO HAZARD, bet
47	PRESCRIPT, conventional	105	HOODED, (<i>met. from, falconry</i>) with eyes hooded
54	KERN, wild soldier FRENCH HOSE, wide breeches	106	BATE, flap the wings (<i>when hood is removed</i>)
55	STRAIT STROSSERS, tight 'trews'		

Act Fourth

PROLOGUE

12	ACCOMPLISHING, putting into 'complete steel'	39	OVERBEARS ATTAINT, rises superior to weakness (<i>prop. infection</i>)
29	RUIN'D, doomed	50	FOILS, property swords
		53	MINDING, imagining

SCENE I

16	LIKES, pleases	203	ROUND, brusque
23	LEGERITY, liveliness	262	FARCED (<i>stuffed, and so</i>) pompous
38	POPULAR, vulgar		RUNNING 'FORE, <i>i.e. in the mouth of one preceding</i>
44	BAWCOCK, brave fellow (<i>beau cog</i>)	269	DISTRESSFUL, of poverty
45	IMP, shoot, scion	274	HYPERION, the sun-god
103	CEREMONIES, trappings	279	FORE-HAND, upper-hand
105	MOUNTED, soared	283	ADVANTAGES, takes advantage of
106	STOOP, swoop (<i>as a hawk</i>)	300	CHANTRIES, chapels for the chanting of memorial masses
140	RAWLY, destitute		SAD, grave
181	MOTH, mote		
198	ELI ER -GUN, pop-gun		

SCENE II

11	DOUT, quench	28	SQUARES OF BATILE, battle formation
18	SHALL ES shells	29	HILDING, worthless
21	CURTLE-AXE, cutlass		

KING HENRY V

Act IV Sc. ii—*continued*

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
30	BY, nearby	49	GIMMAL, jointed
35	TUCKET SONANCE, preliminary trumpet-call	51	EXECUTORS, inheritors
		60	GUIDON, banner

SCENE III

6	GOD BUY, good-bye to	83	ENGLUTTED, engulfed
26	YEARNs, irks	107	RELAPSE, <i>either</i> with renewed deadliness <i>or</i> with deadly
50	ADVANTAGEs, additions		rebound
63	GENTLE HIS CONDITION, make a gentleman of him	130	VAWARD, vanguard
70	EXPEDIENCE, haste		

SCENE IV

9	FOX, sword	27	FERRET, worry (as a ferret)
14	RIM, midriff	69	WOODEN DAGGER, property dagger ('dagger of lath')
18	LUXURIOUS, lecherous		
27	FIRE, beat		

SCENE V

8	PERDURABLE, eternal	15	LENO, pandar
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SCENE VI

9	OWING, possessing	33	COMPOUND, come to terms with
21	RAUGHT, stretched out	34	ISSUE, overflow

SCENE VII

60	SKIRR, scurry	78	FRET, stamp
68	FIN'D, promised to pay	79	YERK, kick
72	BOOK, make list of	116	JUST NOTICE, correct list

SCENE VIII

70	QUEAMISH, squeamish
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Act Fifth

PROLOGUE

*line*12 WHIFFLER, officer clearing the
way for a procession*line*21 TROPHY, token
OSTENT, display

SCENE I

5 SCAULD, scoundrelly
72 GLEEKING, gibing
73 GALLING, scoffing81 MALADY OF FRANCE, venereal
disease

SCENE II

17 BALLS, eyeballs (*with pun*)
BASILISKS (a) serpent whose
glance was fatal, (b) large
cannon
27 BAR, conference
42 EVEN-PLEACHED, interwoven
46 COULTER, ploughshare
47 ~~TER~~RACINATE, uproot
52 KECKSIES, umbelliferous plants
61 DIFFUS'D, disordered
82 ACCEPT, adopted
PEREMPTORY, decisive90 CONSIGN, agree
141 JACK-AN-APES, tame monkey
142 GREENLY, callow
147 GLASS, mirror
153 UNCOINED, unalloyed
204 WITH SCAMBLING, with a struggle
223 UNTEMPERING, incapable of
softening you
308 WELL SUMMER'D, after a good
summer
362 PACTION, compact